



Round about our Coal Fire:

O R,

Christmas Entertainments.



Price One-Shilling.

Entertaining P A M P H L E T S,

Lately Published.

I. **T**H E *Unnatural Mother*, or *Innocent Love Persecuted*; being the genuine and most affecting History of the Tragical Consequences that attended the sincere and disinterested Passion of a Gentleman of an eminent Station in the Law, and a young Lady of a considerable Family, in one of the politest Courts of *Europe*. Price *One-Shilling and Six-Pence*.

II. *ENGLAND's Genius*, or *Wit Triumphant*; being a Collection of several Hundred Satyrical Jest and Merry Puns, taken from the politest Conversations, as Drawing-Rooms, Assemblies, Balls, and the Bar; also from the Bedford-Head, Key and Garter, and Rump-Stake Clubs: Never before published. Pr. 1 s.

III. *The Finish'd Rake*, or *Gallantry in Perfection*; being the entertaining Adventures of a young Gentleman of Fortune; faithfully extracted from Memoirs written with his own Hand, and designed by him to be published, had he not been prevented by Death. Pr. 1 s.

IV. *The BEAU's Miscellany*; a curious Collection of Amorous Tales, Diverting Songs, and merry Poems, particularly the Curious Maid, the Peeper, the Longitude, the Impossible Thing, with many others: In two Parts. Price 2 s: stitch'd, or 2 s. 6 d. neatly bound.

Round about our Coal Fire,

O R,

Christmas Entertainments.

Wherein is described,

CHAP. I. The Mirth and Jollity of the Christmas Holydays; viz. Christmas Gambols, Eating, Drinking, Kissing, and other Diversions.

CHAP. II. Of Hobgoblins, Raw-heads and Bloody-bones, Buggybows, Tom-Pokers, Bull-beggars, and such like horrible Bodies.

CHAP. III. Of Witches, Wizards, Conjurers, and such Trifles; what they are, and how to make them; with many of their merry Pranks.

CHAP. IV. Enchantment demonstrated, in the Story of JACK SPRIGGINS and the

Enchanted Bean; giving a particular Account of *Jack's* arrival at the Castle of Giant *Gogmagog*; his rescuing ten thousand Ladies and Knights from being broiled for the Giant's Breakfast; jumping through Key-holes; and at last how he destroyed the Giant, and became Monarch of the Universe.

CHAP. V. Of Spectres, Ghosts, and Apparitions; the great Conveniences arising from them; and how to make them.

CHAP. VI. Of Fairies, their Use and Dignity.

TOGETHER WITH

Some curious Memoirs of Old Father *Christmas*; Shewing what Hospitality was in former Times, and how little there remains of it at present.

Illustrated with many diverting Cuts.

The Fourth EDITION, with great Additions.

L O N D O N:

Printed for *J. Roberts* in Warwick-lane, and sold by the Bookfellers in Town and Country.



T O T H E

Worshipful Mr. L U N,

Complete Witchmaker of E N G L A N D,
and Conjuror-General of the Universe,
at his Great House in *Covent-garden*.

S I R,

THOUGH I have read Dr. *Glanville* of Witches, and the dismal Story of *Bateman* and the Sprite, &c. it is very plain to me, that none of the Writers on these Matters ever had half the Witchcraft in them which you possess, or ever could produce such agreeable Devils and Witches as you have daily introduced.

I have Witnesses enough to assert my Conjecture; for my Cousin *Sarah*, Cousin *Dolly*, Cousin *Nancy*, and a Score more of them, when any Stories are told of *Witches*, *Hobgoblins*, *Bull-Beggars*, *Race-Heads* and *Bleedy-Bones*, *Ghosts*, &c. will crowd together into a Bed, in a hot Summer's Night, and sweat to such a degree as if they had taken a Pound of *Venice Treacle*; so great is the Fear they are possessed with, when they hear the lamentable Stories
handed

DEDICATION.

handed down to them by their Great Grandmothers: But when Mr. *Lunn* had occasionally invented a new Devil, or a Legion or two of Witches, there was no Rest in the House 'till they were decked out, and managed the Tack so as to get a fair Sight of them: although the Night proved never so dark, they always came home Gay, and could lye single in a Bed; which renders it plain to me, that your Magick far excels what the old Folks used to relate of Friar *Bacon*, and the Sorcerers in the Days of Yore. The old ones play'd their own Game with the Boys and Girls, in their Times, who never could go to Bed without the Shelter of a Pillow; but who the Devil would not rob an Orchard to see the Devils of your making.

But pray, Mr. L U N, are not your Devils Men? I do assure you if they are, some Ladies of my Acquaintance are prodigiously fond of them; and if they should really prove Ghosts or Spirits, they are resolved to run headlong to the Devil for them. See then the Difference between my Grandmother's Devils and your Devils.

So I conclude,

Your's, &c.

Dick Merryman.



PROLOGUE.

I.

O You merry, merry Souls,
Christmas is a coming,
We shall have flowing Bowls,
Dancing, piping, drumming:

II.

*Delicate Minced Pies,
To feast every Virgin,
Capon and Goose likewise;
Braten, and a Dish of Sturgeon.*

III.

*Then for your Christmas Box,
Sweet Plumb Cakes and Money,
Delicate Holland Smocks,
Kisses sweet as Honey,*

Hey

P R O L O G U E.

IV.

*Hey for the Christmas Ball,
Where we shall be jolly,
Coupling short and tall,
Kate, Dick, Ralph, and Molly:*

V.

*Then to the Hop we'll go,
Where we'll jig and caper,
Cuckolds all-a-roze,
Will shall pay the Scraper.*

VI.

*Hodge shall dance with Prue,
Keeping Time with Kisses.
We'll have a jocial Crew,
Of sweet smirking Misses.*





CHAP. I.

*Of Mirth and Follity, Christmas Gambols,
Eating, Drinking, Kissing, and other
Diversions of the Holydays.*



FIRST acknowledging the Sacredness of the Holy Time of *Christmas*, I proceed to set forth the Rejoicings which are generally made at that great Festival.

You must understand, good People, that the manner of celebrating this great Course of Holydays is vastly different now to what it was in former Days: There was once upon a time Hospitality in the Land; an *English* Gentleman at the opening of the great Day, had all his Tenants and Neighbours enter'd his Hall by Day-break, the Strong-Beer was broach'd, and the Black-Jacks went plentifully about with Toast, Sugar, Nutmeg, and good Cheshire Cheese; the Rooms were embower'd with Holly, Ivy, Cypress, Bays, Laurel, and Mistleto, and a bouncing *Christmas* Log in the Chimney glowing like the Cheeks of a Country Milk-maid; then was the Pewter as bright as *Clarinda*, and every bit of Brass as polished as the most refined Gentleman; the Servants were then running

B

here

here and there, with merry Hearts and jolly Countenances; every one was busy in welcoming of Guests, and look'd as smug as new-lick'd Puppies; the Ladies were as blithe and buxom as the Maids in good Queen *Bess's* Days, when they eat Sir-Loins of Roast Beef for Breakfast; *Peg* would scuttle about to make a Toast for *John*, while *Tom* run *harum scarum* to draw a Jug of Ale for *Margery*: Gaffer *Spriggins* was bid thrice welcome by the Squire, and Gooddy *Goose* did not fail of a smacking Bus from his Worship in memory of past Favours, while his Son and Heir was moulting and toulting the blooming Beauties of the Tenant's Daughters: In a word, the Spirit of Generosity ran thro' the whole House.

In these Times all the Spits were sparkling, the *Hackin* must be boil'd by Day-break, or else two young Men took the Maiden by the Arms, and run her round the Market-place, till she was ashamed of her Laziness. And what was worse than this, she must not play with the young Fellows that Day, but stand Neuter, like a Girl in a Winding-sheet at a Church-door for a Bastard Child.

But now let us enquire a little farther, to arrive at the Sense of the Thing; this great Festival was in former Times kept with so much Freedom and Openness of Heart, that every one in the Country where a Gentleman resided, possessed at least a Day of Pleasure in the *Christmas* Holydays; the Tables were all spread from the first to the last, the Sir-Loins of Beef, the Minc'd-Pies, the Plumb-Porridge, the Capons, Turkeys, Geese, and Plumb-Puddings, were all brought upon the board; and all those who had sharp Stomachs
and

and sharp Knives eat heartily and were welcome, which gave rise to the Proverb,

Merry in the Hall, when Beards wag all.

There were then Turnspits employed, who by the time Dinner was over, would look as black and as greasy as a Welch Porridge-pot, but the Jacks have since turned them all out of Doors. The Geese which used to be fatted for the honest Neighbours, have been of late sent to *London*, and the Quills made into Pens to convey away the Landlord's Estate; the Sheep are drove away to raise Money to answer the Loss at a Game at Dice or Cards, and their Skins made into Parchment for Deeds and Indentures; nay, even the poor innocent Bee, who was used to pay its Tribute to the Lord once a Year at least in good Metheglin, for the Entertainment of the Guests, and its Wax converted into beneficial Plaisters for sick Neighbours, is now used for the sealing of Deeds to his Disadvantage.

But give me the Man *who has a good Heart in his Belly*, and has Spirit enough to keep up the Old way of Hospitality, feeds his People 'till they are as plump as Partridges, and as fat as Porpoises, that every Servant may appear as jolly as the late Bishop of *Winchester's* Porter at *Chelsea*; and not keep a parcel of sneaking looking Wretches about them, whose Ribs are as apparent as those of a Gridiron. What an honour it is to a Master to hear the Folks about him praising his Generosity! And such a Character is a help to him sometimes at an Election; for Servants who are kept under a good-natured Direction must love their Master, and make the Country Folks admire him more

from their Praises of him, for there is always one or other of them setting forth his Goodness; it makes the greater impression on those who never saw him, or ever had been at his House.

When I speak this, I recollect the Fable of the Mouse, who helped the Lion out of the Toil he was caught in, and likewise the common Opinion, that a Mouse may destroy an Elephant; besides another Observation, that a Mouse may creep where an Elephant cannot go, and do good when some People least expect it.

Then let all your Folks live briskly, and at such a Time of Rejoicing enjoy the Benefit of good Beef and Pudding, let the Strong Beer be unlocked, and let the Piper play,

O'er the Hills and far away.

And also,

*Strike up Drowsy-gut Scrapers,
Gallants be ready,
Each with his Lady, &c.*

For there must be a Dance now and then by way of Exercise and Wit, or else I am sure *Hurlo Thrumbo* was in the wrong Box, as well as the old Ballad Woman, who gave you a Song and a Dance, and all for the Price of a Half-penny.

I have now by me two Squires and a Sir — who say I am mad to write in this manner, for they are jealous I hint at them. One says to me, when did you ever find me stingy, I believe you have a mind to reflect on my Character? A second says, when did I make
away

“ away my Estate by my Goose Quills, the
 “ Parchment from my Sheep’s Backs, and the
 “ Wax of my Bees ? ” And says the third,
 “ And pray, Sir, how can you censure me on
 “ any account ? Have not I treated you with
 “ many Bottles of Claret ? and did not I laugh
 “ as loud as any one when we were at *Hurlo-*
 “ *Thrumbo* together ? ” And then I dropt my
 Subject, as many noted Preachers do, and
 sum’d up the Matter in a few Words, *viz.*

“ Gentlemen,

“ If I have told you of your Sins, mend if
 “ you can for the future, let the Stingy be
 “ Gencrous, let the Generous be Wise, and
 “ let him who is between one and t’other
 “ keep his Claret to himself if he will, and
 “ laugh less, when there is nothing to be
 “ laughed at.

But then it is said,

Laugh and be Fat ———

Which Words may be understood thus ; if a
 Man has but a mean Substittence, he can never
 have any great occasion to Laugh, and much
 less to be Fat ; but if he has Plenty of Pro-
 vender, then the Proverb is right, *He may*
laugh that wins, and be Fat into the bargain.

The News-Papers however inform us, that
 the Spirit of Hospitality has not quite forsaken
 us ; for three or four of them tell us, that se-
 veral of the Gentry are gone down to their re-
 spective Seats in the Country, in order to keep
 their *Christmas* in the Old Way, and entertain
 their Tenants and Trades-folks as their An-
 cestors used to do, and I wish them a merry
Christmas accordingly. I must also take notice

to the stingy Tribe, that if they don't at least make their Tenants or Tradesmen drink when they come to see them in the *Christmas* Holydays, they have Liberty of pissing behind the Door, which is a Law of very ancient Date.

A merry Gentleman of my Acquaintance desires I will insert, that the old Folks in Days of yore kept open House at *Christmas* out of Interest; for then, says he, they received the greatest Part of their Rent in Kind; such as Wheat, Barley or Malt, Oxen, Calves, Sheep, Swine, Turkeys, Capons, Geese, and such like; and they not having Room enough to preserve their Grain, or Fodder enough to sustain their Cattle or Poultry, nor Markets to sell off the Overplus, they were obliged to use them in their own Houses; and by treating the People of the Country, gained Credit amongst them, and riveted the Minds and Good-will of their Neighbours so firmly in them, that no one durst venture to oppose them. The 'Squire's Will was done whatever came on it; for if he happened to ask a Neighbour what it was a Clock, they returned with a low Scrape, It is what your Worship pleases.

The Dancing and Singing of the Benchers in the great Inns of Court in *Christmas*, is in some sort founded upon Interest; for they hold, as I am informed, some Priviledge by Dancing about the Fire in the middle of their Hall, and singing the Song of *Round about our Coal Fire*, &c.

This time of Year being cold and frosty generally speaking, or when Jack-Frost commonly takes us by the Nose, the Diversions are
within

within Doors, either in Exercise or by the Fire-side.

Country-Dancing is one of the chief Exercises : *Moll Peatly* and the *Black Joke* are never forgot ; these Dances stir the Blood, and give the Males and Females a fellow-feeling of each other's Activity, Ability, and Agility ; *Cupid* always sits in the Corner of the Room where these Diversions are transacting, and shoots Quivers full of Arrows at the Dancers, and makes his own game of them.

Then comes Mumming or Masquerading, when the 'Squire's Wardrobe is ransacked for Dresses of all Kinds, and the Coal-hole searched around, or Corks burnt to black the Faces of the Fair, or make Deputy-Mustaches, and every one in the Family except the 'Squire himself must be transformed from what they were ; then begins the Freedom between one and t'other to be sprinkled about the Hall, and every one shews their Wit according to their Capacity, and then a Dance again, and a good hearty Pull or two at a Silver-Tankard of Strong-Beer, made woundy good with Sugar and Nutmeg. Then *Fenny* gives you a Jig, which is proportionably good as it makes her abound in Sweat ; *Doll* in her way gives you a Double-Courant, and turns round fifty times in a Minute, 'till most of them are drunk enough, and reel home, or lie down in the Barn.

Or else there is a Match at *Blind-Man's-Buff*, and then it is lawful to set any thing in the way for Folks to tumble over, whether it be to break Arms, Legs, or Heads, 'tis no matter, for Neck-or-nothing, the Devil loves no Cripples. — This Play, I am told, was first set
on

on foot by the Country Bone-setters, who like some Surgeons, when they first set up Business in the Country, provide two or three pickled Whores of Figure to P—x the Parish; both very necessary Steps towards gaining good Business.

As for *Puffs in the Corner*, that is a very harmless Sport, and one may ramp at it as much as one will; for at this Game when a Man catches his Woman, he may kiss her 'till her Ears crack, or she will be disappointed if she is a Woman of any Spirit; but if it is one who offers at a Struggle and blushes, then be assured she is a Prude, and though she won't stand a Buss in publick, she'll receive it with open Arms behind the Door, and you may kiss her 'till she makes your Heart ache.

The next Game to this is *Questions and Commands*, when the Commander may oblige his Subject to answer any lawful Question, and make the same obey him instantly, under the Penalty of being smutted, or paying such Forfeit as may be laid on the Aggressor; but the Forfeits being generally fixed at some certain Price, as a Shilling, Half a Crown, &c. so every one knowing what to do if they should be too stubborn to submit, make themselves easy at discretion. At one of these Entertainments, I remember a Gentleman was commanded to take a certain Lady into the next Room, and make her squeak; he took the Lady according to Order, and was free enough in a modest way; But, Madam, says he, why don't you squeak? Sir, answered the Lady, you are to make me squeak; But, returns the Gentleman, if you don't squeak I must forfeit; Why don't you make me? says the Lady:
And

And though there was a Couch in the Room, and he was put to the last Push, she would not squeak, and the poor Gentleman was forced to pay the Forfeit after he had taken so much pains with her. Some would have made him lay down double the Money, *i. e.* one Part as a Forfeit, and the other for Socket-money.

As for the Game of *Hoop and Hide*, the Parties have the Liberty of hiding where they will, in any Part of the House; and if it should prove to be in a Bed, and if they even then happen to be caught, the Dispute ends in Kissing, &c.

Most of the other Diversions are Cards and Dice, but they are seldom set on foot, unless a Lawyer is at hand, to breed some Dispute for him to decide, or at least have some Party in.

And now I come to another Entertainment frequently used, which is of the Story-telling Order, *viz.* of Hobgoblins, Witches, Conjurers, Ghosts, Fairies, and such like common Disturbers.





The Hobgoblin Society, from an Original Painting of Salvator Rosa.

C H A P. II.

Treating of Hobgoblins, Raw-Heads and Bloody-bones, Buggy-bows, Tom pokers, Bull-beggars ; and such like horrible Bodies.

T H E R E was nothing kept me in greater Awe when I was a Child, than the frequent Relations I had from my Grandmother and Nurse of Hobgoblins and Bull-beggars ; they would tell me such Stories of them daily, as would frighten me into a woful Case, and shed Disgrace, and then I was surely disciplined by the Rod, and if I cried only at the terrible Apprehensions I had imbibed of such Monsters, I was whipt for crying, and whipt again for

for crying when I was whipt, so that I lived a sad Life : I was daily fed with Terrors, and as duly chastised for swallowing them ; then I was as certainly flogged if I told what was called a Lye ; for if I happened only to ask my Grandmother whether there was such a horrible thing as she told me of ; “ What Sirrah (says she) do you scruple what I tell you for Truth ? You tell a Lye in your Thoughts whilst you suspect my Truth : ” and then I was whipt again for that ; and so I had my Chastisement for every thing almost that I did, through my Nurse’s or Grandmother’s Narrations : And truly ’till I was arrived at Man’s Estate, I could hardly part with the Apprehensions of Hobgoblins when I was in the dark ; so sympathetick a Power had the Rod communicated to my Brain by the way of my Backside. Just as you see them in the Picture, so I imagined them ; one was to bite, another to scratch, another to bully, &c. but since I am arrived at Years of Discretion to know what they are, I discovered them to be all of the Human Race ; one a poor starved snarling Critick, another a Man who had Impudence enough to pyrate the Works of other Men ; a third who valued himself more for his Guts than his Brains, and could only say Bo ! — Another a little squinting Fellow, who aimed at being a Flea in a Man’s Ear ; another a Bite and Scandal-bearer, and so on.

Such Cabals as I speak of are in many Corners of the Earth, and in full Club make their Chairman pronounce the Doom of all before them ; therefore such as these should not any longer appear as Bug-Bears either to Men,
 C 2 Women,

Women, or Children; for when we know them, the Enchantment is broke, and their Gang perishes. Yet as a great Man says, in his Preface to an Account of *Denmark*, "The Prejudice of Education is hardly to be overcome 'till our Age is incapable of admitting our own Reason to act for itself." But be this as it will, let us see what Use the Country Folks make of Hobgoblins, Raw-Heads and Bloody-Bones, &c.

When they are tired with Dancing and Romps, they take their Places about the Fire; Alack (says *Nan*) have you not heard of the Bull-Beggar in the small Close by our House, that straddles along every Night as soon as it is dark? I am sure my Mother has seen it many a Night, for she told me so over and over, and I am afraid to go home alone after it is dark. Nay (says *John*) I shall see you safe home, for that Close is a famous Place for Bull-Beggars; your Mother is in the right on't, for she used to walk out there herself o' Nights; and I have seen a tall Thing in white, in the Shape of a tall Man throw her down under a Hay-Rick. But, my dear *Nan*, I will protect you from such a Devil: If you should be frightened at any thing you should see, I will take you to the other Corner, and give you the Staff of Knowledge, which will make you as good a Woman and as wise as your Mother. Alack, says *Mary*, my Fingers itch to see a Raw-Head and Bloody-Bones; for when Gaffer *Grey-Beard* was coming, to be sure I was sent to Bed, and my Mother set up praying and sighing for four Hours afterwards; and if I have staid out a little longer

ger than ordinary at Market, then when I knocked at the Door, my Mother after a great deal of Fufs used to call out, Who's there — Who's there — and there I must stay, though it was never so cold, till the *Hurry-come-Clutter* was over, and Gaffer *Grey-Beard* was conjured into the Oven; and this I know very well, for I saw a Cloven Foot, and heard a hoarse Voice cry out Bo — Bo — Bo — just as I was going to warm myself; but my Mother in a violent Passion cried out, Hussy, go to bed, and rest there, you idle Slut; is it fit for you to keep your poor Mother out of Bed waiting for you till this time of Night: Go to Bed, I say, and leave me to bar the Doors; And so I did, but I could not help peeping, and there was *John* kissing my Mother as if Heaven and Earth would come together; and to be sure there was a good roasted Fowl taken out of the Cupboard, and a Tankard of Strong Beer; which made me remember the old Proverb, *To bed with the Children, and lay the Goose to the Fire.* Lud! had I been in my Mother's Place, I know what I know. — What do you think, says *Thomas*, if I see you safe home, and sit by your Bed-side all the Night; I can get in at the Window, and we will talk a little farther about Gaffer *Grey-Beard*. Aye, dear *Thomas*, says she, I pray you see me safe home, for I fear I should be in a quaking Case if Gaffer should come.

Well now, says *Susan*, you may say what you will about these Hobgoblins and Things; but I can assure you, the Ragged Colt that walks in our Lane after Dark-light, keeps us all at home out of Fear, except my Sister *Sally*, and she I believe deals with the Devil; for
the

the Sight of such a Bugbear would frighten us all out of our Wits: There's *Sally* will go out o' Nights, let them be never so dark, with a Book in her Hand, and come Home as pert as a Pearmonger; but she is a bold Girl, and will *resist any thing; let what will come against her she will give them as good as they bring.* Why then, says Roger, I am your Man; and let the Ragged Colt be as big as *Powls* Steeple, I will fwinge his Jacket for him: Zouks, Girl, I will see thee safe; fear nothing, when you hug honest Roger; and *if the Ragged Colt comes cling close about him, for I have got a Conjuring Wand.* Aye, says Susan, and I know what that is; for a Master that I lived with some time ago almost conjured me out of my Senses, I am sure many a Night has he made me shake and quake in my Bed; but I soon found out his Conjuring Tricks, and he is a vile perjured Wretch, he deserves to go to the Gallows for his Sins; if I had but ten Pounds in the World I would hang him, if there was never another Man in *England*; a Brute, a Rogue, a Villain! I would conjure him to the Devil if I could meet with him.

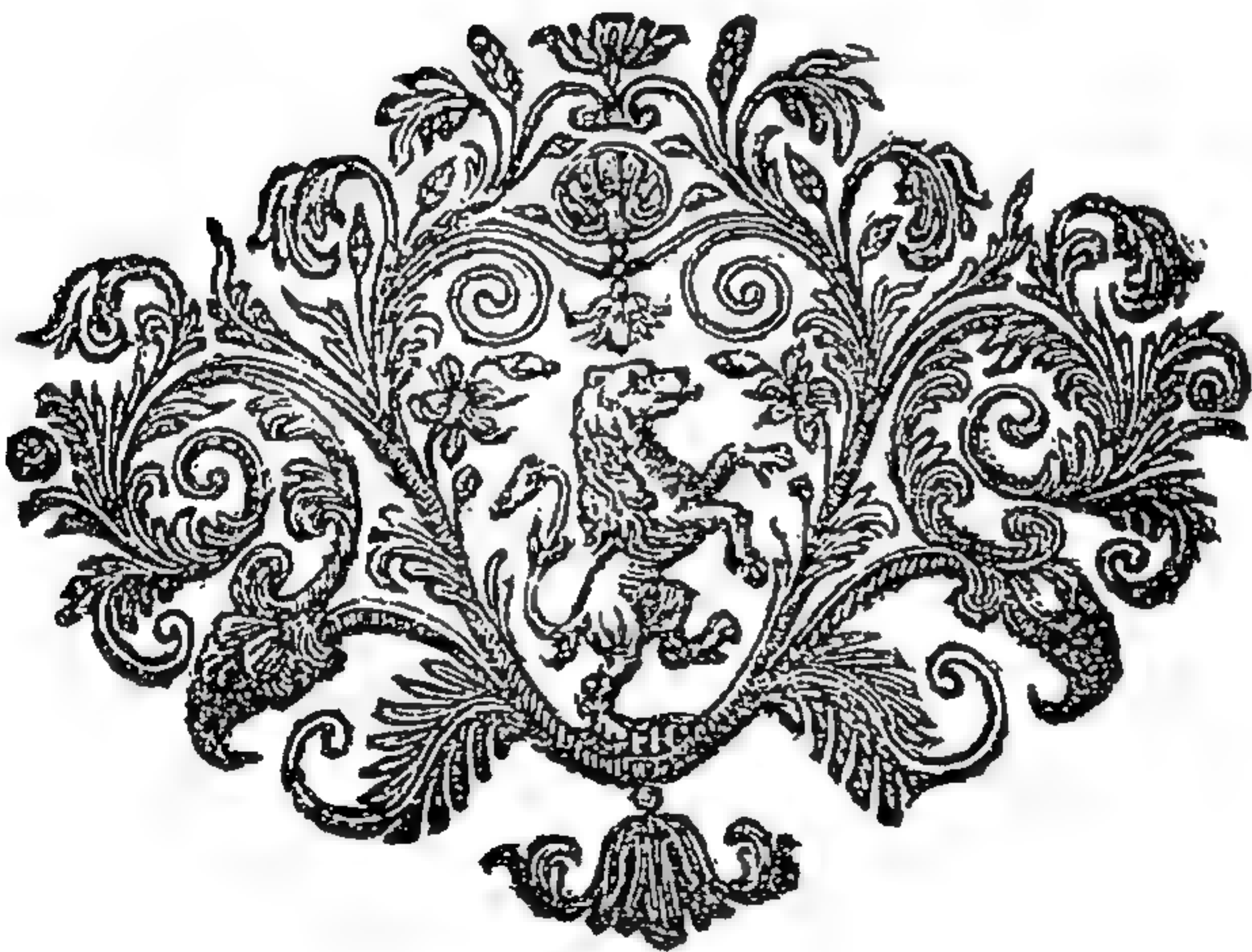
Deary me, says Mother *Wagstaff*, thou art but a Child still, and to pretend to talk of Conjuring-Wands at this Rate; correct thy Passion, and I will bring thee to be Mistress of a good House: You and I will go home together and talk about it, for I know who have and who have not Conjuring Wands in our Country, and you shall know the Secret.

It is very true, says *Stephen*, for there are Conjuring Wands enough with us; and if any one can tell you the Secret, it is Mother *Wagstaff*; for my Lady asked her to-day about a Dream,

Dream, and she answered her main well. But, says *Peg*, though I have heard of Bull-beggars that frighten Folks, my Father says, that a Bailiff is the Bull-Beggar that frightens him the most, except it is Lawyer *Blunt*.

Truly, says *Roger*, our Parson I think is as great a Bull-Beggar as any at all; for I have heard him many a time sending Folks to the Devil: And then our Lawyer is as bad; for he first plagues a Man out of his Estate, and then makes him hang himself; or else makes him sick, and our Doctor kills him with Physick.

So, Gentlemen, here ends my Account of the Hobgoblin Society.





Witches at an Assembly from a Capital Piece, by Albert Durer, as supposed by the hardness of the Drawing.

C H A P. III.

Of Witches, Wizards, Conjurers, and such Trifles ; what they are, and how to make them ; with many of their merry Pranks, &c.

AMONG the other amusing Stories told in the Holyday-Times, those of Witches and their Pranks are not the least considerable. A Witch according to my Nurse's Account, must be a haggd old Woman, living in a little rotten Cottage, under a Hill, by a Wood side, and found frequently Spinning at the Door ; she must have a black Cat, two or three Broomsticks, an Imp or two, and two or three Dia-

Diabolical Teats to suckle her Imps. And then again, a Witch must be of so dry a Nature, that if you fling her into a River she will not sink; so hard then is her Fate, that when she undergoes the Trial, if she does not drown, she must be burnt, as many have been within the Memory of Man.

The Male Witches are called Wizards or Conjurers; and we have many Instances of them, such as Dr. *Faustus*, Friar *Bacon*, Mr. *Lunn*, Dr. *Partridge*, seventh Sons, and Gentlemen who have the Second-sight, besides deaf and dumb Folks, &c.

But let these Sorcerers be of which Sex they will, they are generally said to possess the Gift of Enchantment, and can transform themselves into various Shapes whenever they will; as Cats, Hares, ragged Colts, or Bears, to the great Disturbance of the good People where ever they live.

As for those of the Female sort, as my Nurse told me, (for I must give you her Account first), there was one *Gammar Martyn* who lived at the End of the Town where she was born; a four-looking Woman, with an old high-crown'd Hat, a Broomstick generally in her Hand when she walked to Market, where she seldom bought any thing but Sheep's Lights, or such-like Cat's Meat, and the Folks wondered how the Devil she lived; the Boys used to call her Old Mother Damnable, and every now and then she used to hit them a Rap with her Stick, and so the Lads would have the Head-ach, or a Pain in their Bones for a Week, and this was all Witchcraft; Mother *Martyn* or one of her Imps had bewitched them. If any one was taken with a Vomiting

or Loofencels, it was Mother *Martyn* still, and Curses upon Curses were thrown upon her for many Years.

Now it happened one Morning that the 'Squire came towards her House with his Pack of Hounds, and not being able to find a Hare, asked the old Woman's Advice as she sat spinning at her Door; Sir, (quoth the old Woman) go to yonder Hill and you will find that which will lead you a Dance. Away goes the 'Squire, and as she said he started a bouncing Pufs, that led them many a dirty Mile, and was lost at last: In his Return home, Mother *Martyn* was sitting at her Door spinning all in a Sweat; You have found me Sport (says the 'Squire), but d—n your Sport, since it has made me so faint that I can hardly sit my Horse; having some Thoughts that she had been the Hare that had led him such a dance. Your Worship (says she) may drink a Glass of my Cordial Water if you please, it is good of the sort: and when he had drank it, Now (says she) take care of your Back-side between this and Home. Then the 'Squire rode away without giving her any thing for her Favour; but before he came home, he was taken with a sharp griping Pain, which made him th—t Pins and Needles as he thought, and the best Physicians thereabout could not set him to rights in a Fortnight. The next Quarter-Sessions he takes up Gammer *Martyn*, and without a long Process, had her burnt, as the Law directed them for Witches: For (says he) though she gave me Diversion in the Chase, she certainly bewitched me with her Spirit of Arse-smart; she is plainly a Witch, for every body has sworn their ill Healths proceeded from Mother *Martyn*.

Martyn's Sorcery ; and besides she was an Old Woman. — It had also been said of her, that she was once seen walking in the Shape of a Cat upon the Ridge of a House ; and moreover, she had a Mole under her Left Breast ; and burnt she was by the common Hangman. — But if I may add one Thing more before I end her Story, which I had from a near Neighbour of her's, the chief Occasion of her Death was, that she and the 'Squire's Steward had not set their Horses together for some Years, and the Steward then set her out for a Witch, and for a few Pence easily drew a Mob of Boys after her, whenever she came to Town : The Witch is coming, says one ; Here is Mother Damnable, says another : and so her Character became such, that the old Proverb was made good, *Some may better steal an Horse than another look over an hedge.*

It is to be noted, that the old Woman might without being a Witch tell the 'Squire where he might find a Hare, and might change Countenance, or appear in a Fluster when the 'Squire stopped at her Door, thinking her Dispute with the Steward had put the 'Squire into a Passion, and to make up the Difference might offer him a Dram, which most old Women have by them ; and to bid him take care of his Back-side, might only proceed from her unpolished Way of Thinking ; and the Sharpness of his Stools might only happen from the Temper of his Body at that time, as many People meet with frequently. I suppose from such reasonable Ways of Thinking, Mother *White*, a reputed Witch of *Hertfordshire* or *Essex*, was saved from the Flames by a late Judge.

But to shew you how easy it is to make a Malignant Witch, that is, such a one as Mother *Martyn* or the worst of Witches was ever deemed to be, I will first give you an account of the Accomplishments required, and then tell you how to make one any Day in the Week.

To make one of the Witches of Old Times, you must chuse an old Woman, very hagged, and very ill-natured; she will then be so cunning, that if she has any little Hoard by her of Money, or a few Apples in her Orchard that she does not care to lose, she presently gives out of her own accord, that she can set Charms or Spells upon all that would attempt to rob her. This by degrees makes all the young Men and Boys tremble as they pass by her House, and brings all the young Women in the Country about her to learn their Fortunes: Then she begins to talk of an Ointment the Devil has given her to Conjure herself into a real Witch, and does not grudge to say she can ride many hundred Miles in a few Minutes upon her Favourite Broom-stick, to meet her beloved *Lucifer*, and with him to play at *Rantum Scantum* on a Bed of Nettles. When you find a Woman thus qualified, she is either fit to make a Witch or a Bawd; then if by good Luck she can learn either from Mother *Bunch's* Closet opened, or some learned Physician, how to make intoxicating Draughts, or such as may torment the Felly, she becomes Mistress of her Business. A Wife may meet her Gallant at her House whenever she will, while a little Dose of her sleeping Cordial may be given to the Husband; and if he proves fractious, then some of the Gripping Dose follows, and pinches his Guts 'till

'till he is sufficiently rewarded for his Complaints. On the other hand, if the young Men come to her with a smiling Countenance, and cross her Hand with a piece of Silver, she presently finds an Opportunity to make their favourite Witches fly into their Arms; or by another Draught, if the good Mother will shame any body in the Parish for an Insult offered to her, she will make them laugh at every thing they see for twenty-four Hours, and so the Witch's Hovel becomes a Meeting-house, for the pretty longing Girls and the young Fellows in the Neighbourhood, and there is not one of them will declare any thing that happens at the Witch's House; for if they do, she will not fail of giving them either a Dose of Madness or of Sleep, or of Laughing or Gripes, just as the Maggot takes her in the Head. The pretty Girls are her Witches and her Charms, and with them she sets Spells upon the young Men. By this Cunning she will lead any one of her Familiars into a Wood, or under a Hedge, or, in short, where she commands; and she accounts *a Touch of the Wand is very enchanting*.

Now we may examine how the Devil an old Woman should take upon her to live by such odd Things? I can only answer that such odd Things bring in a great deal of Money; for every one of the Company pays something towards it, and then do not you think that the Witch might live very well by it? I pray you how did Mother *Needham* get her Bread? was it not by this Means? And is not Madam—— doing the same at this Day, and Mrs. —— and my Lady —— and Squire —— and Count —— and Sir ——; but they indeed Witchcraft it
in

in *London*, where People know the Lord knows what; and therefore such Meeting must be in Masquerade: I then desire to know what is the Difference between the Witches of the Town and Country; the Answer is very short, when we consider that the Witches in the Country who give their Minds to Catterwauling, are esteemed Cats; for all Whores are called Cats, and all the Catterwauling-Folks, either in Town or Country, whether in Cat-Skin or Harlequin-Dresses, are Cats; so that the Country as well as the *London* Ladies are all one, in point of Kissing, when they are metamorphosed on such Occasions; and this is the Reason why Witches are said to transform themselves into Cats. But pretty Girls may take what Shape they please, they are Witches still, and will enchant Mankind, let them do what they will: All Males will come to the Lure of the Female. But to give a Word or two more concerning the old sorts of Witches or Bawds, I find that at this very time of day, there is a Clan of Witches in the Island of *Majorca*, who from good Testimony eat the Leaf of an Herb, which raises them to such a Pitch of Madness, as can only be parallel'd by the *French* Prophets, that were among us of very late Date; they will seem by their Talk to be in the Air, to meet the Devil, and will then converse with any Man as if the Devil was in them.

But we have a sort of Mother Witch, that is next to these, which are the Coffee and Tea Throwers, to tell People's Fortunes; but whether the Fortune is to be decided by Coffee or Tea, depends chiefly upon the Humour of the Fortune-tellers: If it is on the Coffee-side, they

they must have their Learning from Gypies or Egyptians, whence Learning once abounded, and Coffee has grown from the Beginning of Time: But the Gypies we see about the Streets are not altogether so wise; their Colour is of the true Walnut-shell Tinge, and their Wit altogether in picking of Pockets; they are all Counterfeits. I just know that there is little Difference between the Learning of the Goers-about and the Stayers-at-home: As for the common Gypies, they will steal Tankards, and as for the best of the Coffee-throwers, I was at her House, and while she was gone to get some Coffee to perform the Ceremony, I pitted in her Shoe, which cost at least Seven Shillings, and into the Coffee-pot likewise, which she knew nothing of: So that I conclude neither of these sort of Witches have any great Notion of Conjurat[i]on; unless Miss *Nancy* wants *Tom*, or Miss *Sulley* wants *John*, and then no doubt they can make up the Difference between them if they are well paid for it, but the itinerant Witches, such as the Gypies, tell Fortunes for a Penny, and the Home-set Witches will have a Shilling at least for their Advice.

The first *Witch-dealers*, are those which deal with the Gypies, and take their Magick chiefly from setting up Pokers against a decaying Fire, or laying on a Fire-Shovel over the same when it is almost out, whilst the latter take their Counsel from their Coffee-Pot and their own Conjectures. If I may give my Opinion in the Case, I should suppose that the setting of Pokers against Fires, is much more ancient than the Use of Coffee; for the first has been ever since the Discovery of Coal-Mines at *Newcastle upon*

upon Tyne,, and the Use of Coffee in *England* has not been above fifty-five Years.

As for the Mother Tea Witches, or such as presume to throw Tea-Grounds, they must certainly, to establish the Fortunes of People, bring their Learning from *China*, where the Tea only grows : For if we were to use a Drug so commonly as Tea is used, and did not know the Use of it, why do we use it. One may venture to offer five Guineas Reward to any one who can read the *Chinese* Language ; for there is not at present any Person who can tell the least tittle of it in *England*. Therefore Chalk or Powder of Post would do the same thing, and thin *Tea-Castings* can be of no Import or Signification ; so that *Tea-Witches* have no Foundation for their Fortune-telling, unless by what I said before of the bringing young Witches to their Mates, and their procuring a Copulation ; and then the Proverb is verified, *Cut after kind*.

I could here give you an Account of various Sorts of diminutive Witches in *London* ; such as Semstresses, Milliners, &c. of the old Race ; but I conclude, that all the Witches for my Mind are young Women, which I presume may be procured at the abovesaid Places. When the Devil couples with Witches, they bring forth Toads and Serpents, as some great Authors tell us.

One may add, that there was another sort of Witch two or three Years ago, that could enchant hundreds of Families into amaze about her Coney-Warren ; I mean the Woman about *Guilford*, who pretended to breed Rabbits every Day, from the bare seeing a Rabbit cross the Way before her ; and so far did she manage the

the

the Matter, being a Woman of a large Capacity; that several large Rabbits were seen to come from her Body by the Sect of Cunny-peepers, and among the rest, two of Note, who blazed about her Fame as fit to be Mistrefs of all the Coney-warrens in *England*, for they had peep'd and felt the Case, and opened it so far to the Publick, that there were many thousands about *London* could not eat a Rabbit for a Twelve-month, and many hundred Pounds were lost by the Poulterers on account of that Commodity: But at length after many weighty Reasons in Philosophy, two or three great Conjurers judged that the Woman was really Mother to a vast number of Rabbits that they saw born, and that the crossing of the Rabbit before her must be the Reason of it; however it was soon discovered that the whole was done by Enchantment, *i. e.* by Confederacy, for a Woman in League with her brought her every Day or Night privately a Parcel of young Buns or Rabbits which she hid in her Bed, and every now and then she put one into *Burrow*, and then would begin to grunt and roar like a Devil, 'till she was delivered of her Burthen; but as soon as this Cheat was found out, it was presently concluded she was not of the Strain of the Old Witches, nor quite of the New Witches Sort, and then Rabbits were eaten again. This was a piece of Witchcraft above the Common Way, though there has been a Woman at *Hammer-smith* who said she was possessed by the Devil, and got Money by it, *i. e.* her Mother did, which was the same thing as the Rabbits Mother did; but this like the other was discovered to be an Impostor, and suffered accordingly.

S E C T. II.

Of Wizards and Conjurers.

TH E Conjurers in antient Times were out of our Reach; they kept that Knowledge to themselves, but yet with that Knowledge would get more Money than any of our Moderns, except Mr. *Lun*, or the late Mr. *Fawkes*.

Dr. *Faustus* and Friar *Bacon* were two very great Conjurers in their Time; these were Wizards, and play'd the Devil as some Folks say in the Days of yore: Dr. *Faustus*, because he had the first Knowledge of Printing, took the Bible in hand, which used then only to be written, at a great Expence, even at about twenty or thirty Pounds apeice, which in those Times was equal to ten times the Money in our Days. *Faustus* printed a large Number of them, and sold them in foreign Countries as well as his own, and even to the Value of the Manuscripts, by which he amassed a vast Fortune. At last his Printing was discovered, and then it was said he could eat Loads of Hay, had fiery Dragons stewed for Breakfast, had fried Toads and broiled Serpents for Dinner, and by way of Desert, would change Men's Noses into Bunches of Grapes, or Bunches of Grapes into Noses, which was the same thing.

He could do more than *Meor* of *Moor-Hall*, when he slew the Dragon of *Wantley*; he could devour Loads of Hay, when the Dragon of *Wantley* (as he was called) could eat up Houses
and

and made no more of them than if they had been Geese and Turkeys.

So they both, according to my Sense of the Matter, who were Men of great Estates, eat up their Fortunes at any rate, not valuing Men, Women, or Children :

——— *They eat all,
And left none behind,
But some Stones, dear Jack,
That they could not crack,
Which on the Hills you'll find.*

Faustus spent his Estate to gratify the Fools who came to his Observatory, where he drank plentifully with such sort of Folks, and was generous enough to give those who were curious the Things which stood him in a large Expence ; at last he grew poor, and then *the Devil take him*, said every one, for no body came near him ; and that was the Devil, for it was said the Devil swallowed him up, as Mr. *Lun* has it at his House in *Covent-Garden*, where I have seen it : So that he was no true Wizard on second thoughts.

The Dragon of *Wantley* too, may be deemed a thing now-a-days which signifies nothing, but let me assure you, he was a Gentleman once of very good Fortune, he would drink hard it is true, 'till *Moor* of *Moor-Hall* got all his Estate by Mortgage or otherways ; and so *Moor* of *Moor-Hall* conquered the Dragon.

It is said, that Men drink like Dragons in the North, and one of an extraordinary Nature at *Wantley* might be called the Dragon of the Place ; and I suppose *Moor* of *Moor-Hall* got his Estate in Mortgage, and then the Lawyers came in, and there was an end of the Matter.

Friar *Bacon* was another Conjuror of *Oxford*, who invented the Brazen Head; but his Man *Miles* was one of the Family of the Sad-Dogs, for when the Brazen-Head had been made for a long time at vast Labour and Expence, *Miles* being left to look after it while his Master slept, he never took care to call Friar *Bacon* when it spoke, and so the whole Scheme came to nothing, or else all *England* was to have been walled round with Brass.

It seems to me that Friar *Bacon* was an Alchymist, and one aiming at the Philosopher's Stone; and I assure you whoever can get that Treasure, may not only encompass *England* with Walls of Brass, but Walls of Gold. There have been several Men of good Substance lately employing themselves about it, with a design of paving our Streets with Gold, and I was in great hopes of it in the Year 1720, when all the Bubbles were on foot; but then all fell to nothing, whoever got by the Bargain: and since these Things have happened, I can have no great Faith in the Philosopher's Stone, yet should like well enough to treat with such as could contrive to bring in the *Cole* plentifully.

A merry Fellow says, that Friar *Bacon's* Head, immediately before it burst to pieces, foretold that the Brass Guns of our Navy were the Brass Walls he designed for us. In a word, though we have not the first, we have the last, and no Nation dare attack us; our Fleets can always protect us: "These (says he) being given to shattering, may proceed from the shattered Brazen-Head of Friar *Bacon*; read his History, and see farther." Another Man of Assurance says, "That the *English* are such brazen-faced Mortals ever since Friar *Bacon's*

“ *Bacon's* Time, that they will face the whole
 “ World.

It is a Proverb that *two Heads are better than one*, and then to be sure if we were to lay our Heads together, as we have done in some late Wars, the Folks who are our Enemies would find it so, that is, as good as a Wall of Brass, only consisting of broken Parts, as other Walls do.

Or may we think that the Brazen Head of Friar *Bacon*, when he designed it, did not mean, as some would suggest, that an whole Head was better than a broken one; by which I understand, That to be all of one Mind would be much better than to be divided. But then, says another, Remember the Proverb, *Many Men, many Minds*; which in my Opinion must ever be, because they are naturally so; and if we were all of one Mind, we should become a Parcel of *Momes*, and have nothing to say to one another: though some inconsiderate Fellows answer, You know nothing of the Matter, you love *Sukey Larkin*; So do I, say they then, Are we not all of one Mind? No, they reply presently, d—n you, you shall not have her to yourself; we will have her: and then they begin to battle it with me; then I desire to know whether we are all of one mind.

But I must tell you how this great Conjuror Friar *Bacon* has gone beyond the Lengths of the Wisdom I have been speaking of; for in a Penny-Book I have of him, it is said, When King *Edward* the Third sent for him to Court, he was Conjuror enough to bring a Cook-maid with a Spit, and a Shoulder of Mutton on it, from an hundred Miles distance, before the King, on purpose to confront her with one of
 the

the King's Servants, who had lain with her. And this I suppose is true, because it is in Print; but then Friar *Bacon* was so kind as to send her back again immediately about her Business, or else the Shoulder of Mutton might have been spoiled, the Master expecting it at a set time, or she might have taken another Touch, and that might possibly have broken the Enchantment.

These are the old Heroes in Magick; and next to them I place Mr. *Fawkes*, one of our modern Conjurors, who, after having anointed himself with the Sense of the People, became so great a Conjuror, that he amassed several Thousand Pounds to himself: He was so celebrated a Magician, that either by the Force of his Hocus-Pocus Powder, or by the Influence of his Conjuring Wand, he could presently assemble a multitude of People together, to admire the Phantoms he raised before them, *viz.* Trees to bear Fruit in an instant, Fowls of all sorts, change Cards into Birds, give us Prospects of fine Places out of nothing, and a merry Jig without either a Fidler or a Piper; and moreover, to shew that Money was but a Trifle to him, with a Conjuring-Bag that he had, would every now and then shower down a Peck or two of Gold and Silver upon his Table; and that this Money should not die with him, he has conjured up a Son who can do the same things; so that one may say his Conjuraton is hereditary.

But we must not forget Dr. *Partridge* the Almanack-maker, Student in Physick, Astrology, and Shoe-making; he could tell Fortunes, make *Daffey's* Elixir, gild Pills, and calculate
Na-

Nativities, or mend Shoes, *i. e.* he could cure a bad *Sole*; but now, alas! his All (*Awl*) is at an *End* at *Last*, and they say he *waxed* very rich before he died.

One thing is memorable of him, which is, that he could make Witches, as appears from the following Story. Once upon a Day an old Woman, who was of such a Temper that she was continually snarling at her Neighbours, and found her Curse had no Effect upon them, came to him in a great Agony, saying, Good Doctor I want your Help, I hate all the World, and would send them all to the Devil if I could; I have curst, and curst, and curst again, and still my Neighbours live in Quiet; but I have heard that a Witch may do what she pleases, and torment Folks by Peacemeals, till she sends them to the Devil; so dear Doctor make me a Witch if you can, and I will give you five Guineas. The Doctor you may be sure insisted upon Ten, but rather than fail, finding the Woman would give no more Money, Mistress (says he with his Spectacles on) lay down your Money, and you may come to me to-morrow morning for a Box of Ointment that will do your Business. The Woman dropped him a fine Courtesy, and was early enough the next Morning for her precious Box, which was ready for her, and like Lightning flew to her Abode, stripped, and rubbed the Unguent on the Places he had directed, as her Face, Hands, &c. but it proved of so bad Savour, that she returned immediately to the Doctor, curling as much as she dared do; but recollecting herself that he was looked upon to be a Conjuror, submitted as much as her Stomach would let her, and said, I believe it
was

was a T—d you gave me to anoint me with ; Why then Friend, says the Doctor, you are a Witch, for it is really so as you say, and I deserve my Money.

The noted Lord *Rocheſter*, when he took upon him to play the Mountebank, among others that flocked about his Stage, an honeſt Fellow came to him, who told him that he was ſo much addicted to Lying, that he had not, nor could not ſpeak one Word of Truth. Come to me To-morrow, ſays the Mountebank, and I'll make you ſpeak Truth as ſoon as I have you under my Hand ; the next Day, the Man being naturally of an honeſt Temper, went early to get a Cure for that which ſome Folks would not be cured of for all the World, viz. His Lordſhip takes him on the Stage, bid him open his Mouth, and rubbed his Gums with a Sirreverence ; By G—d, ſays the Man, this is a T—d ; Why then by G—d, ſays my Lord, you have ſpoke Truth, and I have cured your Diſtemper.

There are many more pretended Conjurers in the World, but beware of Counterfeits ; you will find thoſe have no Foundation of their own to ſet up upon, and ſo when you force them to open their Minds, they will answer nothing, or nothing to the purpoſe.

But if you would be let into the Secret of Conjunction and Aſtrology, I adviſe you to go to ſome Cobler of Diſtinction, ſuch as *Partridge*, Poor *Robin*, a Lawyer, or the Windowſhutter Poet in *Cripplegate* Pariſh ; then you may pick up Learning 'till you will be ſick on't, and perhaps be poisoned into the bargain ; for moſt of theſe Star-gazers ſell Phyſick and Nonſenſe together : And ſo by way of Con-

Conclusion I present you with a lively Figure of a *Conjurer* in the beginning.



If a Conjurer has not Reason to support his Credit, then he is obliged to shew a few Tricks to support himself and bring in the Pence.

When a Devil is to be introduced, it should be properly with a Thunder-Crack; and there is nothing more stinging to the Ear than the *Pulvis-Fulminans* or Thunder-Powder, which is made of Tartar, Sulpher, and Nitre, but it must be close stopped in a Bottle as soon as it is made: You may have it at the Chymist's, or see the Receipt for making it in Dr. Quincy's Book of Pharmacy.

The way of using it is, to put the Quantity of half a Thimble-full of the Powder into a Fire-shovel, and make somebody, who knows nothing of the matter, set it over the Fire, and as soon as it melts it gives an astonishing Crack, which will ring in the Ears of the People near it two or three Days, though it gives no Light or Flash like Gun-powder. This was one of

the Wizards or Conjurers Tricks, and our Forefathers had it to frighten the Folks about them; and whoever has this Secret, may set up for a Devil or a Witch in the Country. But if alter this Thunder you would make a Devil or a Ghost appear, then take the following Method.

Phosphorus, which one may buy at Mr. Godfrey's the Chymist in *Southampton-Street, Covent-Garden*, is an excellent thing to represent the Appearance of any Object we desire, in Flames of Fire in a dark Room; it is like a Crayon, so that you may draw with it as with a Pencil to represent any Figure you desire; and when the Candles are there you can see nothing; but when all is dark you will presently discover the Figure in Fire, and always in Motion, unless sometimes it may perhaps blind you or lose itself for half a Minute, as if it vanished, but will then rise again in the same Shape, and waver about as if it had Life in it for some considerable time.

Though this *Phosphorus* is dear, a Man may make a Maid come into his Arms, if he can write or draw well against a Wall with it, and afterwards it is ten to one whether she swears a Rape against him. *Phosphorus* is to be kept in Water or Spirits, or else it will consume.

One may with *Phosphorus* light a Candle by a Glass of Water, *i. e.* cut off a piece of it as big as a large Pin's Head, and stick it on the side of a large Glass of Water; mark the Place, and then take any Candle in the Room and turn it downwards, and drip it out 'till no Fire is seen, and then while the Wick is hot, hold that to the Place where the *Phosphorus* is put, and it will light in Streams of Fire in a Blue Flame, such as Ghosts and Farts make.



C H A P. IV.

Enchantment demonstrated, in the Story of Jack Spriggins and the Enchanted Bean; giving a particular account of Jack's arrival at the Castle of Giant Gogmagog; his rescuing ten thousand Ladies and Knights from being broiled for the Giant's

Giant's Breakfast; jumping through Key-holes; and at last how he destroyed the Giant, and became Monarch of the Universe.

GAFFER Spriggins, who was an acute old Farmer, who could leer of one Eye and crack a Joke, began to tell about a comical Lad of his Family, of the Name of Spriggins, for he admired every one of his Name, because he had no Children of his own; and this Boy's Name was *Jack*, as we shall call him now.

Good Folks, says Gaffer Spriggins, there never was such a dirty, lazy, tatter-de-malion Dog as *Jack* in the World; he was elevated in his Garret o' nights, and had the Curn of Small-beer in the Kitchen o' days, with an old Enchantress for his Grandmother and Companion. When I mention his Appartment, I ought in justice to let you know that the House was no more than a Hovel or a Cottage; it consisted but of two Rooms, if we may call them so, for really the upper Apartment, which was the next Story to the Ground Floor, was next to the Thatch, in which Place he had often the Benefit of Contemplation; for though he was a smart large Boy, his Grandmother and he laid together, and between whiles the good old Woman instructed *Jack* in many things, and among the rest, *Jack* (says she) as you are a comfortable Bed-fellow to me, I must tell you, I have a Bean in my House which will make your Fortune; you shall be richer than an Emperor, you shall have the whole World at your Command; and as you now grow strong and lusty, I design to give it thee, my Boy, one Day or other. Oh! says *Jack*, dear Grandmother give me now that Bean, that I may try
how

how rich I can be, and then how much I shall love my dear Grandmother ! No, Child, says she, should I do that, you would grow rich and turn Rake, and you would never think of your poor Grandmother again : But Sirrah, says she, if I was to know you would play such Tricks, I'd whip your little Narfey-parfey for you. Nay, says *Jack*, Grandmother, don't hurt me. No, answers the Grandmother, you lussy Boy, you know I love you too well to hurt you : I love you as becomes me, and you ought to take notice on't ; and so *Jack* made no Words about the Matter.

In the Morning as *Jack* was making his Grandmother's Fire, Puffs scratching among the Ashes, claw'd out the Enchanted Bean, which his Grandmother had dropped out of her Leathern Purse by accident. *Odds Budd*, says *Jack*, I'll set it in our Garden, and see what it will come to, for I always loved Beans and Bacon ; and then, what was wonderful ! the Bean was no sooner put into the Ground, but the Sprout of it jumped out of the Earth, and grew so quick, that it gave *Jack* a Phillip on the Nose, and made him bleed furiously : in he runs to his Grandmother, crying out, Dear Grandmother save me, I am killed : No, says she, I now have only time to tell you, my Enchantment will be broke in an Hour's time, I know it, you have got my Bean, and this Impertinence of your's will occasion my being transformed ; yet if I am able I will sufficiently thrash your Jacket : but away runs *Jack*, and up the Bean he climbs, and the old Woman after him, with the Birch-broom in her Hands. The Bean was then about a Mile high, and by that time she got at it, *Jack* was straddled up
near

near half a Mile; and through her Vengeance and Ill-nature, not being able to reach the Boy, she fell down in a Fit for a time, and as soon as her Hour was out, was turned into a monstrous Toad, and crawled into some neighbouring Mud or Cellar, in her way to the Shades: But *Jack* went on his Gallop, though the Bean grew more than a Mile an Hour. In truth, the Bean grew forty Miles high, and while it was growing, some little Towns were built upon the Leaves as he went up, for him to refresh himself at: He calls at one for a Pot of Ale, at another for some Bread and Cheese, and at another, which was near the Giant's Castle, for what he could get; this had a very promising aspect, for the Sign was as big as any on Ludgate-Hill: Here he thought to rest for a time, and goes in strutting like a Crow in a Gutter; What have you to eat Landlord, says he; Every thing in the World, Sir, says the Landlord: Why then, says *Jack*, give me a Neck of Mutton and Broth: Alas, says the Landlord, to-morrow is Market-day; how unfortunate it is! I cannot get you a Neck of Mutton to-night if it was to save my Soul: Well then, get me something else, says *Jack*; Have you any Veal? No indeed, Sir, not at present; but there is a fine Calf fattening at Mr. *Jenkinson's*, that will be killed on Saturday next: But have you any Beef in your House, says *Jack*; Why truly, Sir, says the Landlord, if you had been here on Monday last, I believe, though I say it that should not say it, you never saw so fine a Sir-Loin of Beef as we had, and Plumb-Pudding too, which the Justices who dined here, and their Clerks and Constables, entirely demolished; and though I got nothing
by

by them, yet their Company was a Credit to my House. Zounds, says *Jack*, have you nothing in the House? I am hungry, I am starving; but I hear a Cock crow, and from thence I am sure you have some Poultry; kill one of them and broil it: Yes Sir, says the Landlord, but that Cock is the Squire's, he would not take forty Guineas for it. Well then, replied *Jack*, you may kill a Hen or a Chicken. O Lord, Sir, I have no Chickens, answers the Landlord, and the two Hens that I have belong to the Game Cock, and they have incubated as I may say, their Eggs a fortnight; but I believe we shall have Chickens a Week hence. Have you no Eggs in the House, says *Jack*: No Sir, indeed, answers the Landlord, but Nest-Eggs, which we make of Chalk. Why then, says *Jack*, what the Devil have you got? Why to tell you the Truth, Sir, I don't know that I have any thing in the House to eat; for the 'Squire and his Huntsmen called here this Morning and devoured what we had, all our Bacon, all our Cheese, and all our Bread; but I could have got you some fine Trouts from the Miller's only a little before you came in he sent all his Fish up to Sir *John*'s. Why then, says *Jack*, I find I must go to bed supperless. Aye, Master, answers the Host. Then give me some Drink, says *Jack*. That I can do, for I have just brewed; and if you love new Drink, I can fit you to a tittle, for it has not been in the Tun half an Hour.

Thus was poor *Jack* plagued by the Enchantment of his Grandmother, who was resolved to lay him under her ill Tongue, so long as her Power lasted. But just as he fell in with this starving Prospect, off goes the Top of the House

House ; the Host was turned into a beautiful Lady, and in pops a dozen pretty Youths, drest like Pages in green Satin, laced with Silver and white Feathers in their Caps, each of them mounted upon an Hobby-horse finely bedecked with Ribbons, Tinsel, and Feathers ; they dismounted immediately, and in full Chorus most harmoniously addressed themselves to *Jack*, saluting him with the Titles of Sovereign Lord of the Mannor, and Invincible Champion ; 'Tis this Instant, great Sir, that your supposed Grandmother the Queen of Pomonkey has taken her Passage to the Shades, her Enchantment is broke, and we bring you the full Power of possessing all the Pleasures you desire : The fair Lady that stands before you is Emp'ress of the Mountains of the Moon ; young as she seems to be, was your Grandmother's Black Cat, and by Enchantment has worn that Shape four hundred Years : It was she that put it in your mind to plant this wonderful Bean by scratching in the Ashes, and she is now entirely at your Highness's Disposal whether she shall live or die : You have a thousand *Jack Catches* now attending you without with Halters and Hatchets to make an end of her, when your Honour pleases to direct her Execution ; or else you have a fiery Dragon gaping for her, if you give but once the Signal for her Death : This Box, great Sir, bears you the absolute Power over her, over us, over Old Scratch or *Nicholas* the Antient. Your Grandmother, illustrious Sir, when she found the Loss of her Bean, and the Shortness of her Power, invoked an Assembly of Inquietudes to attend you, and so transformed this Miracle of Nature into the Host
you

you have been talking with. Why in troth, says *Jack*, I thought it was a Woman by filling me so full of Expectation: But Gentlemen, have you got any Bread and Cheefe in your Pockets, for I am bloody hungry? but since it is all Enchantment, as I begin now to find by the Alteration of my Body, I feel Sprinklings of Generosity flow in my Veins for my Grandmother's dear Puffy, who has so often pur'd about me; I have Nobleness of Spirit to excuse my innocent Landlord, and Gratitude enough to take the fair Lady to my Arms.

It requires no more then, exalted Monarch, say the Pages, but to put on the Ring inclosed in that Box, and you will instantly possess five Wishes, and on the top of the Ring your Highness will find a Marble Red Stone given to your Grandmother by the King of *Strombolo*, If you are engaged in Combat, turn the Stone to the North, and you may conquer Giants, Dragons, and Basilisks; and while you keep it to the South, you will flow in Plenty, and enjoy every thing else you desire.

Is that all you have to say, says *Jack*; Yes and please your Honour, replied the Pages; and then put on the Ring; at which moment the remaining Part of the Inn was changed with a terrible Crack into a delightful Summer-house or Pavilion, where a Table was spread with the most elegant Dishes, and the Side-board furnished with the richest Wines. This says *Jack*, pleases me above all things in the World; it is my first Wish completely: But then he espied his Lady to be stark naked; I with Madam, says *Jack*, you was as well cloathed as the greatest Queen in the World; when immediately she was adorned in the

G

gayest

gayest Princely Robes. Now, says *Jack*, I wish for some good Musick; and in an instant down came a dozen or two of excellent Fiddlers. He then wished them to play the Black-Joke, and so they went on for an Hour 'till he had cram'd his Carcass. And for the fifth Wish he wished to be in bed with his fine Lady; and as the Laws of Enchantment order it, a Wish is no sooner thought on but executed, so were our Couple enchanted into a Crimson Velvet Bed, embroidered with Gold and Pearls; the Room illuminated with an hundred Wax perfumed Lights placed in Glass Sconces; the Marble Tables covered with Jessamine and Orange Flowers, and the small ones made of Mahogany and other fine Wood, adorned with Pyramids of Sweetmeats and refreshing Drams, from the True Barbadoes Citron to the humble Gin. Neither was there wanting a Chamber-pot on each side of the Bed, and a Brace of Closettools in separate Closet, for fear of the worst; by which Convenience lay the Works of several eminent modern Authors *by way of reipe*. I should have observed, that when the Princess was conjured into the wonderful Apartment, she was attended by twelve Damfels cloathed in Silver Tissue, who flew to her Assistance mounted upon as many Rose-buds: These were followed by an impudent Shoebuy, whose Business it was to clean her Ladyship's Shoes against the Morning: so that there was nothing wanting to complete the Happiness of the Illustrious Couple. In short, the Attendants withdrew, and we leave them now to play their Rantam-tantum Tricks 'till the next Morning. I may add, that *Jack* had so much Business upon his hands that Night, that

he

he fell asleep in the Morning, and dreamt a Dream, in which the Patroness of the Enchantment appeared to him ; and after having touched him and his Princess three times with a Wand, struck out of their Memories all Thoughts of what they had been, and confirmed them in Princely Graces : Then whisking her Wand three times over her Head, whispered Prince *John* of his Progress to the Top of his Bean, and how he should come to the Castle of Giant *Gogmagog*, by whom, himself and his Princess should be favourably received, and entertained for three Days without Danger, but he must be sure to keep the Stone in his Ring inclining to the North, and his Princess on his North Side, that then he should be in seeming great Danger of his Life as well as his Princess ; but by turning the Stone of his Ring under the Bent of his Finger, the Princess should immediately change into a Basilisk, and kill all that were in the reach of her Eyes except himself ; and then as soon as he could assure himself of Safety, it was only to turn up his Ring as it had been before, and then the Princess would resume her Shape, and he become Master of all the Giant's Treasure. In the mean time she placed an enchanted Fly upon the Princess's Left Breast to convey her as a Flying-Horse would do, when she happened to be weary with climbing, and so departed.

Then Prince *John* began to rub his Eyes, and stretching himself with a Yawn or two, turned to his dear Princess, who just waked from the same Dream he himself had ; there was the Fly upon the Breast of the Lady, which they carefully took off and put into a

little Gold Cage, which they found placed on a Table by them; and after a merry Turn or two, they disposed themselves for getting up, and were immediately attended with Pages and Virgins. They had a delightful Breakfast, were dressed sumptuously, and set out for a Walk towards the enchanted Castle, the Pages leading their Hobby-horses in their Hands, with one of an extraordinary Kind and Workmanship; for the Prince and the Virgins had each hold of their Rose-buds; and as for the Princess's enchanted Fly, she had hung it in its Cage to the Chain of her Watch. In their Progress it happened that the Company by means of the Enchanted Air, had got Appetites like Horses, and by agreement the Prince and Princess set down under the side of an Hill covered with Orange-trees and Myrtles, the Banks adorned with Cowslips, Primroses, Hyacinths, and Violets; before them was a purling Stream, and the Woods resounded with the harmonious Notes of Nightingales, Linnets, Canary and other fine Singing Birds, when on a gentle Breeze were waited an hundred Cupids, each bearing a Salver of Gold furnished with the richest and most delicate Meats; while on the other hand the Trouts, Salmons, Carp, and other Inhabitants of the Stream leaped upon the Banks; with a proper Supply of Nectar, Ambrosia, Burgundy, Champaign, Hermitage, Frontigniac, and Tokay, *Wines*, not forgetting a Dram or two for the Virgins of Honour.

The Prince and Princess were delightfully regaled, whilst the Zephirs attended them with refreshing Air; and when their Company had satisfied themselves, the remainder of the Entertainment

ertainment vanished: And as it is not proper to walk much after a hearty Repast, the Prince judged it convenient to ride the rest of the Way towards the Castle.

And now no sooner was the Fly let out of its Cage, but itself and all the Hobby-horses and Rose-buds were changed into Palfreys, adorned with the richest Trappings, and away they go in the grandest manner, passing by many Knights and Ladies, and were informed that there were many more before them; when on a sudden they heard a Voice cry out (for they could hear many Miles farther than any one else),

Fee-Faw-Fum ! —————

I smell the Blood of an English-Man;

Whether he be alive or dead,

I'll grind his Bones to make my Bread.

But this did not trouble either the Prince or his Lady or Attendants; they all knew they had safety enough in their Hands, and gallop'd on 'till they arrived at the Castle of Wonders, when they soon espied the Giant Gogmagog, who was picking his Teeth with a great Tree: His Tooth-pick Case was such another thing as the Monument in *London*; he had a Bowl of Punch as big as *St. Paul's Church*, and the Cup that he drank out of, was about the Size of the Dome of *St. Paul's*; for his Tobacco-pipe he had the exact Model of the Piramidical Building near the Water-side in *Southwark*, where the damaged Tobacco is burnt; and his Tobacco-stopper was like the Water-Engine belonging to the *York-Buildings Company*; and his Tobacco-box was about the Size of *Westminster-Hall*: But however, he rose up
when

when the Prince and his Retinue appeared, and saluted them, bid them welcome, and offered them the best Entertainment he could give them, whilst the Prince for Safety's sake turned the Stone of his Ring to the North; for he had never seen so huge a Man before.

They were introduced into the Castle through the richest Apartments imaginable; and what was extraordinary, the great Giant shrunk into a common Size, and appeared like other Men. The Furniture was vastly rich, the Attendants without number, and the Equipage magnificent, and nothing was wanting to entertain our illustrious Couple with Splendour befitting their Rank. The Gardens were splendid as those at *Versailles*, the Parks of vast Extent, and in a word, so well furnished with all sorts of Game, that no other could parallel them; which pleased the young Couple extremely, knowing full well they would be soon at their own disposal.

But they had now passed near the three Days with the Giant, who grew desperately in Love with the Princess, and resolved to have her at any Rate, even at the Expence of devouring her Husband; which he could have done at a Mouthful well enough, if he had been a common Man. But Enchantment is a great Help to Men in such Distress, and the Prince and his Lady went to bed well satisfied: They were no sooner laid down on their Pillows, but they heard a mighty sobbing and Moaning of many Virgins sighing and grieving at their hard Fortunes, that the Giant was to make a Breakfast of them the next Morning.

Now you must know, the Stone in the Prince's Ring being turned to the South, he could

could see and know what he pleased ; and having consulted with the Princeſs about the Deſtruction of the Giant, My Dear (ſays he) ſhall I make the Proof of changing you into a Cockatrice or Baſilisk, for there is a Mouſe in the Room, and if your Looks kill that Animal we ſhall be ſure of the reſt, for it may be *multum in parvo*. The Experiment was made in an Inſtant, and the Princeſs her Eyes and whole Body became ſo bright, that it was even dazzling to her Huſband ; and the Mouſe no ſooner beheld her, but burſt with a prodigious Crack : Then the Ring was turned again, and all Witches were in the Prince's Power ; he immediately ſlipt through the Key-holes of Doors and narrow Crannies, 'till he came to a large Gallery, where ſeveral thouſand young Ladies were tied up like Calves o' fatting, and bemoaning their hard Caſe, Alas ! dear Prince, (ſay they) to-morrow early ſhall we be broiled and cruſhed between the Giant *Gegmagog's* monſtrous Teeth, if you do not ſave us ; and there are ten thouſand Knights below in as bad a Condition. You are then all ſafe (ſays the Prince), for the Giant will be deſtroyed as ſoon as the Sun riſes, and I ſhall then take poſſeſſion of my Dominions.

He had no ſooner ſaid this, but he releaſed the Ladies from their Bridles, and ſummoned the Princeſs's Virgins to attend them with ſuch Neceſſaries as they wanted. Then he whiſked through the Cracks and Key-holes, 'till he reached the Place where the Knights were confined ; and they like the Ladies were tied up to their good Behaviour, and were moreover reſtrained the Uſe of their Hands, which he ſoon changed to their Satisfaction, and gave them



CHAP. V.

Of Spectres, Ghosts, and Apparitions; the great Conveniencies arising from them; and how to make them.

WHEN the Men and the Maids have ended their Gambols, are all seated about the Fire, and Bed-time is drawing on, then *John* begins some dismal Story to the Company about Apparitions and Hobgoblins, and so about it goes 'till all the rest of the Society are drawn into the same kind of Discourse, and frighten'd out of their Wits with dreadful Apprehensions: A Mouse cannot stir, but *Nan* creeps close to *John*; *Sue* hugs *Tom*, and none dare lie alone; then Love and the Devil couples them together, and each one has a Mate for that Night; and when the Thing is once done, there is very little Ceremony

them the Assistance of his Pages, with the Promise to release them the next Morning. Then were the Rooms where these Prisoners of both Sexes were kept, illuminated, and furnished with every refreshing Liquor; while the Prince returned to his Lady, and related what had past.

The Day no sooner broke, but up got the Prince and Princess, and walking into a Bower refreshed themselves with some Fruits, and the Giant appeared with a Sword in his Hand; says he with an hoarse Voice, Thou Prince of Pitty, this moment you die, and the next Instant will I solace myself in the Delights of thy Princess. The Prince and Princess immediately got from their Seats, and while the Prince was turning his Ring towards the North, the Giant hit him a thundering Stroak with his Sword; but he might as well have hit a Rock of Diamonds as wound the Prince; for by this time the Ring was in a proper Station, and the Princess was changed into a Cockatrice or Basilisk. The Giant at this gave a great Groan, fell on his Knees, trembled and fell down dead: Then there was a great Shout in the Castle, the Doors flew open, the Knights and Ladies sallied forth to congratulate their Highnesses, and proclaimed them as their Sovereigns; they became their Vassals, and attended them in their delightful Palace and Royalty in the most perfect Happiness.

And so far for Enchantment, which some old Women first set on foot to amuse Children, and is now finished by the Author, with no other view but to assure his Readers, that Enchantment proceeds from nothing but the Chit-Chat of an old Nurse, or the Maggots in a Madman's Brain.

mony used afterwards, whenever a proper opportunity offers between the Parties; and ten to one but the Parish is filled with Bastards nine Months after, unless the pregnant Maidens make their way to *London* in time, and top their Kids upon some smug Apprentice; by such means they get a spell of Money, deck themselves forth, renew their Maidenheads, and either set up an Alehouse with the Men that their Fear debauched; or else change the End of the Town, get acquainted with some eminent Bawd, and so are made the Fondlings of some raking Coxcombs of Fortune for a while, and then turned off to walk the Streets. If it happens this way, then the Story of the Sprite was a dismal Story indeed; for the forsaking of their first true Love, may bring the Ballad of *Bateman* before them; where they may plainly see in the Picture, that the Devil flies away with such false Wretches: But I have more Compassion for a tender-hearted Maiden, than to think that where a Six-pence has once been crooked between her and her Sweetheart, she can ever forsake him, especially if she has any Notion of the Devil's Claws and forked Tongue, or the direful Horrors she must be subject to, from the Hauntings of Ghosts and Spectres, whenever she happens to be alone after Candlelight; then may she expect to see the Candle burn Blue, the Chairs gallop about the Room, be stun'd with Shricks and Groans from every Quarter of the Room, when with a hideous Roar enters a ghastly Figure in a Winding-sheet, with a lighted Taper in one Hand, and a bloody Dagger in the other, crying out for Revenge, and stalking up to you with long Strides, and great Saucer Eyes,

rattling

rattling of Chains, and a Cloven Foot. This I am sure would be enough to frighten the stoutest Man that ever wore an Head, and much more Women, who are made of such tender Stuff.

But there are many Ballads and History-Books sold in *Moor-Fields*, which relate the many dreadful Ends that unconstant Lovers have come to, as well as in Dr. *Glanville's* great Book of Ghosts and Apparitions, where you may soon find these Assertions confirmed, and see these Spectres set in a true Light; but the Doctor's Book indeed is too high-priced for every one to purchase; and a Ghost is not to be seen every day about *London*, unless one was to pay for it at one of the Play-houses, and that would cost as much as the Book. Nor must you expect a Ghost to appear *gratis* in *Hand-Alley*, as it did seven Years ago, as thousands can testify; for that was laid for ninety-nine Years in the Red-Sea by the Reverend Mr. *M——* and the Learned Dr. *H——*.

I only tell you of these things that you may be fully apprised how dreadful a thing a Ghost is, and what a wretched Case you must be in, if you are once haunted by a Ghost of your own making; that is, if you was to break your true Love's Heart by Inconstancy, or make him hang or drown himself, or stab or shoot himself, or make him cut his Throat from Ear to Ear, for your Breach of Faith to him.

But doubtless you will say, after this long Harangue, why does not the Author give us a Story or two of some frightful Spectre for us to talk about when we have a mind to frighten one another into a Love-fit, or preserve a con-
stant

stant Love between us; to this the Author answers, *so be will*, and you shall have them of two or three Sorts.

Of a terrible Ghost.

There is a melancholy Narrative in the Ballad of *Pateman*, expressing the horrible Circumstances of a Lady's being carried away by the Ghost of her true Love, who had hanged himself for her Inconstancy. Read the Ballad and tremble; but much more tremble at the following Story.

Mr. *Thomas Stringer*, a Gentleman of good Fortune, courted the greatest Beauty in his Country, who received all his Addresses with the fondest Love and Affection that could be; he seemed to be the Man for her Monopoly, and a Piece of Gold was bent between them, as a sacred Pledge of their mutual Affections. But there were many more Lovers that followed her daily, and by bad Luck one of them, by some way or other, gained her Affections, and got to Bed to her. In the mean while, *Stringer* had Intelligence of it, and now and then upbraided her of Infidelity; but she in a gallant way returned, that she might do what she would with her own if she thought fit, and keep what Company she pleased; this answer stuck in *Stringer's* Stomach for a few Days, 'till he was certified of her being false to her Vow, not only in lying with one Man, but was well satisfied she received the Addresses of many, and so poisoned himself.

But a few Nights after, what a terrible Figure did he make in her Bed-Chamber! his Hair was nothing but Serpents, his Lilly-white Hands

Hands and his pretty little Feet were become like Eagles Claws, he crawled like a Toad along the Floor, croaking as he went, and glaring Eyes with Horror in their Looks; he had a Light all about him, as if he was red-hot. The Lady was all affrighted at his ghastly appearance, and then hugged and pulled her Gallant, and by no means could she awake him, while the Toad-shaped Creature was crawling up the Bed, and then kissing her with his ugly Mouth, spit Venom in her Face, and in a hideous Voice hollowed out, Now I have caught the faithless B——h, and will be revenged of the vile confounded Strumpet; after which the Ghost with his Iron Claws tore her to Pieces, and sent her Scraps to the Devil, as a just Reward for her Treachery. All the while this was doing, the Candle, which stood on the Table, burnt Blue, which gives me room to think that a Ghost and a Fart are the same thing; for a Fart will make the Candle burn Blue as well as a Ghost. — And then I awaked, and cuddled close to my Bed-fellow.

Another Story of a Ghost: and how much it concerned a Bishop.

Dr. Glanville, famous for a Book of Witches and Apparitions, was once telling a certain Bishop of their dreadful Effects, and begged his Lordship's Opinion thereon: Indeed, says my Lord, I have often heard of such Things, and was once surpris'd myself about one-a-clock in the Morning, I heard something — Pray go on, my Lord, says the Doctor; But what did you hear? Why, replies my Lord, I heard a
strange

strange Noise on the Stairs, coming Lump, Lump, Lump. And pray what then? says the Doctor. Oh! answers my Lord, and then with a great Thump my Chamber-Door flew open. My good Lord, says the Doctor, I perceive you are of my Opinion: And then, continues his Lordship, I saw a tall Man enter my Room with a very grim Countenance. Nay then, says the Doctor, that must be a Ghost or the Devil; And immediately, said the Bishop, my Chamber was enlightened; he stalked up to the Side of my Bed, and drew the Curtains: Nay, says the Doctor, then it must be a Ghost; But had your Lordship Courage to speak to it? Yes, replies his Lordship, and I received a satisfactory Answer. Now my Lord, says the Doctor, we are come to the Point; I find now that your Lordship has a Belief in such things, though you have been pleased to banter me about my Thoughts of Apparitions. My Lord answered, Good Doctor, it is true; for it was the Watchman, who finding my Street Door open, was seeking for somebody or other to shut it, and happened by mistake to come into my Room. So in the Picture Harlequin lights in the Ghost, for how the Devil do you think a Ghost can be in the dark; and if the Devil should stand at his Bed's-head, it is because he had said, *Get thee behind me Satan*, or *Avoid me Satan*: And therefore I suppose the Engraver only made the Devil peeping out behind the Bed.

But now I come to an extraordinary Case of an Apparition.

A Lad of my Acquaintance coming home late in a Moon-shiny Night, just as he came to a Stile was terribly frightened at an Appearance

pearance which was very strange to him, such a thing as the common Folks say *makes their Hair stand an end*; he could not get over the Stile for the Blood of him, for he saw a black Mad at least forty Yards long, wagging his Head at him; but go home he must, or lie in a Ditch, where Ghosts might come; and to make short of his Journey on so desperate an occasion, he went a little way about, and broke his Way through a Quickset-Hedge, where he lost much Blood by the Scratches of the Thorns. When he came home you may be sure his Father or Master thrashed him heartily for hurting himself; but when their Passion was over, they led the Youth towards the Phantom, that he might see what it was that gave him the Disturbance; and though loth to go, as he came nearer, holding fast by his Father and Mother, he began to discover that the frightful Ghost was not what he at first apprehended, and the nearer he came to it, still it varied from the first Appearance, 'till at last coming close to it, he found out that it was only a tall Weed, waved a little by the Wind; and its Shade by the Moon-shine had cast a Figure on the Ground, which had almost frightened him out of his Wits. And if this Story does not prove that there are Ghosts, then I have no more to say.



CHAP. VI.

Of Fairies, their Use and Dignity.

MY Grandmother has often told me of Fairies dancing upon our Green, and that they were very little Creatures, cloathed in Green; they would do good to the industrious cleanly People, but they pinch the Sluts; they would steal Children, and give one of their own in the room; and the moment any one saw them, they were struck blind of one Eye. All this I have heard, and my Grandmother, who was a very tall Woman, said she had seen several of them, which I believe because she said so; she said moreover, that they lived under Ground, and that they generally came out of a Mole-hill; they had fine Musick always among themselves, and danced in a Moon-shiny Night around, or in a Ring, as one may see at this

this Day upon every Common in *England*, where Mushrooms grow. But though my Grandmother told me so, it is not unlawful to enquire into a Secret of this Nature, and so I spoke to several good Women about it.

When I asked one whether there was such Things as Faries; Ay, says she, I have seen them many a time; another said, there's no room to doubt of it, for you may see thousands of their Rings upon our Common, &c.

I found however another Way to be satisfied of the Matter, and heard the following Story of Faries from a Person of Reputation.

A Gentlewoman and her Husband were going into the Country; and thought it best to retire out of Town four or five Miles the Night before, to receive the Stage-Coach, and avoid the Ceremony of taking leave of their Friends, which are generally more troublesome than welcome on that Occasion, and being gone to Bed in a Country-Town where Faries walked; about Twelve-a-clock up comes a little Woman, not much bigger than one's Thumb, and immediately follows a little Parson, also a great Number of People, and a Midwife with a Child in her Arms; and I suppose by their Power, Chairs were set for them: But it happened they wanted a Godmother for the Child, for it was to be christened that Night; so says the good Fairy, Father, the Gentlewoman in the Room will do us that Favour; Ay, says the rest of the Company, it is a good Thought; and up brisked the Fairy Father to the Bed-side, and called out the Lady, who did the Office; for which the Father gave her a large Diamond Ring. All this while the Lady's Husband was as fast as a Church, and knew
I nothing

nothing of the matter. But in the Morning, good lack, the Case was altered; he espied the fine Ring upon his Wife's Finger; How came you by that, my Dear, says he? Why my Love, replies she, the Faries have been here to-night, and told him the Story of the Christening: Zounds, says he, the Ring is Sir *John's* Ring; I know the Stone; I have often seen Familiarities between you and him, and now am convinced of your Treachery. And so I suppose he took his Wife to be a Whore.

The Faries were very necessary in Families, as much as Bread, Salt, or Pepper, or any other such Commodity, I believe; because they used to walk in my Father's House, and if I can judge right of the Matter, they were brought into all Families by the Servants; for in old Times Folks used to go to Bed at Nine a-clock, and when the Master and Mistress were lain on their Pillows, the Men and Maids, if they had a Game at Romps, and blundered up Stairs, or jumbled a Chair, the next Morning every one would swear it was the Fairies, and that they heard them stamping up and down Stairs all Night, crying, *Waters lock'd, Waters lock'd*, when there was no Water in any Pail in the Kitchen.

So from what I have said, the Hobgoblins, the Witches, the Conjurers, the Ghosts, and the Fairies, are not of any Value, or worth our Thought. And so I conclude with an Epilogue relating to Faries.

EP I L O G U E.

I.

*C O M E, follow, follow me,
Ye Fairy Elves that be ;
Come follow me your Queen,
And trip it o'er the Green ;
Hand in Hand we'll dance around,
For this Place is Fairy Ground.*

II.

*When Mortals are at rest,
And snoring in their Nest,
Unseen and unesp'y'd,
Through Key-holes we do glide ;
Over Tables, Stools, and Shelves,
We trip it with our Fairy-Elves.*

III.

*But if the House be foul
With Platter, Dish, or Bowl,
Up Stairs we lightly creep,
And find the Sluts asleep ;
There we pinch their Arms and Thighs,
None us hear, nor none espies.*

IV.

*But if the House be swept,
And from Uncleaness kept,
We praise the Household-Maid,
And surely she is paid ;
For each Morn before we go,
We drop a Tester in her Shoe.*

V.

*Upon a Mushroom-Head
Our Table-Cloth is spread ;
A Grain of Rye or Wheat
Is the Diet that we eat,
Pearly Drops of Dew we drink
In Acorn Cups up to the Brink.*

EPILOGUE.

VI.

*But if our Diet fails,
The luscious Fat of Snails
Between two Nut-shells stew'd,
Makes Meat that's easy chew'd,
Brains of Worms, and Marrow of Mice,
Make a Dish that's wondrous nice.*

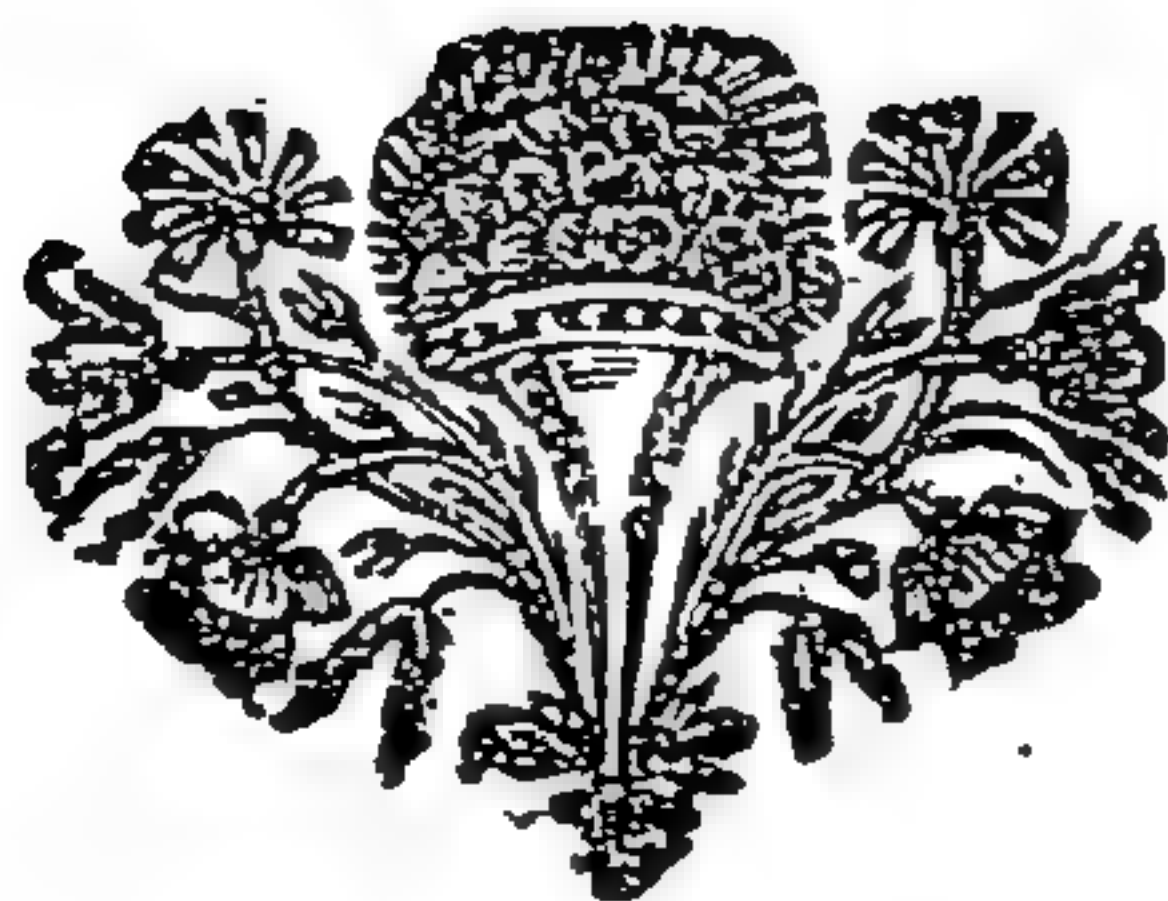
VII.

*The Grasshopper, Gnat, and Fly,
Serve for our Minstrels high;
Grace said, we dance awhile,
And so our Time beguile;
And when the Moon does hide her Head,
The Glow-worm lights us home to Bed.*

VIII.

*O'er Tops of dewy Grass
So lightly we do pass,
That the young and tender Stalk
Ne'er bends where we do walk,
Yet in the Morning may be seen
Where we the Night before have been.*

F I N I S.





NEW
PAMPHLETS

Just Publish'd,

And Sold by the BOOKSELLERS
in Town and Country.

I. **T**HE MERRY-THOUGHT; or, the
Glass-Window and Bog-House Miscel-
lany: Taken from the Original Manuscripts
written in *Diamond* by Persons of the First
Rank and Figure in *Great-Britain*; relating to
Love, Matrimony, Drunkenness, Sobriety, Rant-
ing, Scandal, Politics, Gaming, and many other
Subjects Serious and Comical; Faithfully tran-
scribed from the Drinking-Glasses and Windows
in the several noted Taverns, Inns, and other
Publick Places in this Nation: Amongst which
are inserted, many curious Pieces from both
Universities.

Gameyorum, Wildum, Gorum,

Gameyorum a Gamey,

Flumarum a Rumarum,

A Rigdum Bollarum

A Rigdum, for a little Gamey:

Bedlam-Wall, Morefields.

In *Four* Parts. The *Third* Edition. Price of
each Part 6 d.

A

H. A.

NEW PAMPHLETS.

II. A View of the *BEAU-MONDE*: or, Memoirs of the Celebrated *COQUETILLA*, a real History: In which is interspersed, the Amours of several Persons of Quality and Distinction; with several Original SONGS by Se——ry Cr——ggs, Beau N——, &c. viz. *Coquetilla's* Family, &c. Her Flight from her Father; Deserted when big with Child; Pitied by Mrs. H——; Her Amour with the D. of ——; Mrs. H——'s Advice in a Song; Runs away; Falls into many Misfortunes; is beloved by Colonel D——, carried by him into the Country, own'd for his Wife; Elopes with S—— the Gamester; Goes to *Tunbridge*; *Coquetilla* distinguished by S——ry Cr——ggs; Serenaded by Beau N——; N—— Kick'd; The History of *Clara* and *Mira*; *Coquetilla* goes to *Bath*; Her Adventures; Her Affair with Mr. *Gaylove* the Merchant; Expos'd by S——; Runs to Town with *Saxillus*; Goes to a Masquerade; A surprising Turn there; Taken Home again by the Colonel, &c. After all refuses to marry him; Her Match at last. To which is added, the Masque of Life, a BALLAD.

*Clear as a Mirror, if the Ocean's Scene,
Its Bosom shining with a pleasant Green;
Yet who'll deceiv'd by this Appearance be
In a small Bark to trust the faithless Sea,
Where sudden Gusts its Billows may deform,
And swift Destruction reach him from a Storm?
Yet such are all the Blandishments of Vice,
And to as sad a purpose they entice,
Warn'd by these Sheets, the Paths of Pleasure shun,
Nor from the fatal Venture — be undone.*

Price 1 s.

III. The

New PAMPHLETS.

III. The Behaviour of the CL--GY, as well as their Traditions, destructive of Religion: Or, a succinct History of PRIESTCRAFT throughout all Ages. Containing a general Introduction of the Institution of all pretended Revelations; Remarks on Priestcraft among the *Greeks*; The strange Superstition of that People proved to be the Ruin of *Athens*; Remarks on *Roman* Priestcraft, their *Augurs*, *Pontiffs*, &c. An Account of the *Bramins*, *Bonzees*, *Talapoins*, and other Eastern Priests; With a curious History of the *Pharisees* and *Sadducees* amongst the *Jews*; *Popish* Priestcraft unveil'd, particularly with regard to our own Island: Concluding with the secret Intrigues of the Gown with all Parties, from the *Reformation* to the *Vicar's* Apostacy. Dedicated to the Most Worthy Sect of *Free-thinkers*. To which is added, *P--son B-wman's* Confession, a POEM.

That it may please thee to Illuminate all Bishops, Priests and Deacons, with true Knowledge and Understanding of thy Word, and that both by their PREACHING and LIVING they may set it forth and Shew it accordingly. LIT. Ch. of Eng.
The Third Edition. Price 1 s.

IV. D A L K E I T H a Poem, occasion'd by a View of that delightful Palace and Park, the Seat of his Grace the Duke of BUCCLEUGH: to whom it is most humbly Dedicated, by a Scotch Gentleman.

*Shall Windsor's Groves when all their Bloom is lost,
In sacred Verse unfading Verdure Boast:
Shall Cooper's Hill for ever dear to Fame,
Preserve its Honours lasting as its Name:
And shall Oblivion, still a Scene conceal,
That Yields to neither, were it known as well.*

Price 4 d.

V. The

NEW PAMPHLETS.

V. The BEAU'S MISCELLANY : being a curious Collection of amorous Tales, diverting Songs, and entertaining POEMS ; particularly the Curious Maid, two Parts ; The Peeper ; the Leaky Vessel ; the Bauble ; the Longitude ; the Parson and his Maid ; the Hoop Petticoat ; the Tickler or the Favourite ; the Maiden's Dream ; the Batchelor's Dream ; *cum multis alijs.*

*Sunt bona, sunt quædam Mediocria, sunt mala plura,
Quæ legis ; hic aliter non sit, Avite Liber.* MART.

*If these merry Tales don't every Humour hit,
Let Fops like me ne'er nibble more at Wit.*

*Wit like Beauty triumphs o'er the Heart,
When more of Nature's seen, and less of Art.*

PRIOR.

In two Parts. The Second Edit. Price of each Part 1 s. or bound together 2 s. 6 d.

VI. The HONEY-SUCKLE, a Curious Collection of POEMS upon several Occasions, consisting chiefly of Originals ; and interspersed with Translations from the best Greek and Latin Authors ; particularly containing a POEM to Mira on the Loss of her Lap-Dog ; To a Lady on her Recovery from a Fit of Sicknefs ; Verses address'd to Mr. P—lt—y ; A Roundelay, after Spencer's manner ; An Epigram to the V— B—ke, on the Writings of the C—f—n ; Verses designed for Music ; A Pastoral ; The Alternative, an Ode ; The Joys of Wine, from Anacreon ; Catullus's Ode on Kisses ; The Patriot, an Ode, to Mr. Howe. The Second Edition. To which is added, The DUEL, a Poem, Humbly Inscribed to the Hon. W—m P—lt—y Esq ; Price 1 s.

NEW PAMPHLETS.

VII. A Sketch of the Miseries of *POVERTY*,
Dedicated to the Hon. Sir *Griffith Boynton*, Bart.

*Happy the Man! who void of Cares and Strife,
In Silken or in Leathern Purse retains
A Splendid Shilling. —* PHILIPS.

Price 6 d.

VIII. The Whole Case and Proceedings in relation to *BRIDGET READING* an Heiress, and *DANIEL KIMBERLEY*, &c. Containing an Account of *Kimberley's* being sent to *Ireland* to bring over the said *Bridget Reading*, and of her pretended Marriage with *Braddock Mead*: The Information of *Bridget Reading* before Sir *William Billers*, against *Braddock Mead*, *Daniel Kimberley*, and *Joseph Fisher*; with the Warrant of Commitment granted thereupon by the said Sir *William Billers*: The Petition of *Daniel Reading* to his Grace the Duke of *Newcastle*, one of his Majesty's Principal Secretaries of State: Several Affidavits before the Lord Chief Justice *Raymond* and Judge *Probyn*: The Opinion of the Court of *King's Bench*; also the Opinion of the *Attorney-General*, and his Report to the Duke of *Newcastle*, relating to his pretended Marriage and Felony; with the Lord *Townshend's* Warrant thereupon, for conveying *Kimberley*, &c. to *Ireland*, to be tried there for Felony. To which is added, the Trial of the said *Kimberley*; with his last Dying Words, and an Original LETTER sent by him to Mr. *Reading* a few Days before his Execution, and Mr. *Reading's* Answer. Price 1 s. 6 d.

New PAMPHLETS.

IX. A PROPOSAL humbly offer'd to the *P—L—NT* for the more effectual preventing the farther Growth of *Popery*. With the Description and Use of the Ecclesiastical Thermometer. Very proper for Families. By *Dr. Sw-ft.* The Second Edition. To which is added, the Humble Petition of the Weavers and Venders of Gold and Silver Lace, Embroiderers, &c. As also two POEMS, *viz. Helter Skelter*, or the Hue-and-Cry after the ATTORNEYS upon their riding the Circuit, and the Place of the *Damn'd.* Dublin, Printed; London, Reprinted. Price 6 d.

X. *War with Priestcraft*; or, the Free-thinker's ILIAD: A Burlesque POEM, in Three Cantos: With Notes explaining the Sentiments of them and their Followers.

*I sing, ye Priests, forgive the Treason !
I sing the Advocates of Reason,
Who have thro' ev'ry Age defy'd
Your Sacred Cant,— and Holy Pride ;
And since ye treat them with Neglect,
As if they were a Mushbroom Sect,
The End which by these Lays I aim at
Is to shew, that in each Age and Climate
Free-Thinking Doctors might be li't on
From Indies East to Western Briton,
In Greece, in Italy, in Holland,
From learn'd Lucretius down to Toland ;
Whose Reas'nings then as much did maul ye
As now Free-thinking Pamphlets gaul ye.*

Dedicated to the Celebrated AUTHOR of
Christianity as old as the Creation. Price 1 s.

NEW PAMPHLETS.

XI. A View of the TOWN, or Memoirs of LONDON; containing a diverting Account of the Humours, Follies, Vices, &c. of that Famous Metropolis; wherein every Offence meets with its due Correction, Fools are scourged, Knaves jirk'd, and the Ladies have a Stroke by the Bye: In fine, not to pall your Appetite by a tedious Repetition of Particulars, here is in short as much *Sing Song* as in the *Beggar's Opera*; and more new Whims than in the Orator's Advertisements.

*My Book a Salesman's Shop you'll find,
Where civilly I'll treat ye;
To a Fool's Coat of any kind
You're welcome, if it fit ye.*

The Second Edition. Price 1 s.

XII. *Round about our Coal Fire*; or Christmas Entertainments: Chap. 1. and 2. Treating of Mirth and Jollity, Christmas Gambols, Eating, Drinking, Kissing, &c. 3. Of Hobgoblins, Raw-Heads and Bloody-Bones, Tom Pokers, Bull-Beggars, and such like horrible Bodies. 4. Of Witches, Wizards, and Conjurers, with many of their merry Pranks. 5. Of Spectres, Ghosts and Apparitions. 6. Of Faries, their Use and Dignity. To which is added, a Receipt to make Devils and Witches: With a suitable Prologue and Epilogue to the whole. Adorned with several diverting Cuts. Dedicated to the Worshipful Mr. Lun, compleat Devil and Witch-maker of England, and Conjuror-General of the Universe. The Third Edit. Pr. 1 s.

XIII. The

NEW PAMPHLETS.

XIII. The GENTLEMAN'S TUTOR for the SMALL-SWORD; or, the Compleat *English* Fencing-Master: In Thirteen various Lessons between Master and Scholar. By *H. Blackwall*. Adorned with several curious Cuts of the Postures. Price 1 s.

XIV. LOVE A LA MODE; or, the Amours of *Florella* and *Phillis*. Being the Memoirs of two celebrated Ladies under those Names: In which the whole Circle of Modern Gallantry is Display'd. Containing particularly the Life of *Florella* from the time the *Atalantis* leaves her.— Her Marriage to Lord *Gratian*: Her Intrigues after his Death.— Her keeping an Irish Secretary who could not Write.— Her Marriage and extraordinary Proposal to —, whom she fell in Love with at the Masque.— Her Amour with the Duke of *W—*. An Original Song by the Duke.— Her Husband's Treatment of her.— A Song on that Occasion by Mr. *K—n*. The Family of *Phillis*.— Her being Stole by Mr. *D—* of the Temple.— Her Flight.— Her Amour with Mr. *D—ch* who kill'd himself.— With *G—l W—b*. —Coll. *J—n*. —Her manner of meeting with *L—* *L—rn*. —Remarkable Trial for a Settlement.— Her Marriage, Misfortunes and Death.

*My Book's a Mirror in whose Bosom's shown,
The various Foibles of this Vicious Town.
Who 'ere like Phillis or Florella are,
May with their Characters their own compare;
Where if there's ought offensive to the Sight,
Let 'em amend themselves and set it right;
Nor Peevish — like old Maids who dread decay,
When shewn their Wrinkles—throw the Glass away.*
Price 1-s.